MRS. BASCOM'S THINGS.

It was the day before Mrs. Bascom's sale and the accumulation for forty years was waiting for it. Forty years is a long time-long enough for the rootlets of a human heart to strike deep and take firm hold. Mrs. Bascom was thinking this as she walked around the yard for the last

she walked around the yard for the last time. She stopped by a branching maple and fald a caressing hand upon it.

"We planted this tree that first spring," she eald softly to herself. "It wasn't more than a foot high—and we've grown here together ever since. Ah, me, it's hard to transplant old trees."

But there was no help for it. She knew that. When Col. Bascom died it became absolutely necessary to break up the home. John, the only son, lived near, but he could not give up his nice new house to go back to the old place. Sally, the daughter, lived in St. Louis. Her husband was a prosperous merchant, and, of course, moored. So there was nothing left for Mrs. Bascom but to "break up" and live with her children. The question of where Sally had settled in her own decisive fashion.

"Of course mother will live with me," she said. "The daughter—not the daughter-in-law—is the proper one to have the care of the parents when they are old."

mrs. Bascom shrank a liftle at this frank avowal of fillal obligation. She was an active woman of sixty. She had not thought to need "caring for" for ten

years or more.

Her daughter-in-law was sitting next

years or more.

Her daughter-in-law was sitting next to her. She took the withered hand in hers and stroked it gently.

"As Sally says, a daughter has the first claim," she said tenderly, "but I am sure mother knows that we would be glad to have her." And somehow Mrs. Dascom feit comforted.

Sally settled the details of breaking up in the same summary manner. It was her way of doing things.

"We'll just make a clean sweep, mother," she said. "There's nothing worth saving, and we'll sell them all."

Mrs. Bascom was taking things out of the bureau drawers.

"Don't you think I'd better take the bureau with me, daughter?" she saked, a little anxjously. It was a mahogany chest of drawers without casters.

"Oh, my, no, mother! I wouldn't have that lumbering old thing around for anything. I have a handsome antique oak dresser in your room; and a chiffonier to match. You'll have all the drawer space you can possibly use."

Mrs. Bascom was opening and shutting the empty drawers a imlessly.

"Pve had this bureau for forty years." she said, as if to herself. "We bought it when we went to housekeeping. I suppose it is a little old-fackioned" schore was a touch of wounded feeling in her volce—"but it was considered a fine piece of furniture in its day. The top-drawer was the one I kept my baby clothes in. I can just see Jonn's little linen-cambric shirts, trimmed with thread edging, now! Sally, it seems like I would hate to sell this bureau."

"I'll take it, mother, and keep it for you "sail I jezie, outself."

"I'll take it, mother, and keep it for you," said Lizzle, quietly. "Why, Lizzle," remonstrated her sis-ter-in-law, "you haven't any room for

"I'll make room," said Mrs. John Bas-

"Till make room," said Mrs. John Bascom, a little curity.

The old lady was not much help. Every article in the house was full of tender memories to her, and as she went from one to annither, sitting a moment in "father's chair," and touching this thing and that, she was clearly giving a goodby to them all. Such a hold inanimate things will get upon the affections.

"You wouldn't have any use for this new rag carpet, would you, daughter?"

"None in the world, mother."

"I didn't know but you might put it in the back part of the house. I took a heap of pains with this carpet, and nearly the last thing father did was to bring it thome from the weaver's. He took such an interest in it when I was making it. father, did. You don't think you had befter pail it down in my room, do you. Sally?"

"Ohe not mother: it wouldn't be in

Sally?"

"'Oh! no mother; it wouldn't be in keeping with anything in the room. And then I've just put down a new body Brussels. I don't feel that there is anything too good for my mother," affectionately.

tionately.

Mrs. Bascom smiled back bravely, but she looked wistfully at the carpet, after

all.

And so it went.

The things were all sold, and when Mrs. Baseom started for St. Louis with her earthly belongings backed in a new trunk, she was as stripped and desolate an old woman as ever swallowed her tears and emiled. It was as a grapevine had been prepared for transplanting by carefully shaking the earth from its roots and elipping its tendrils neatly away.

They did not hear from her often.

away.

They did not hear from her often.
Sally has sald she would have all the
time there was now to write letters, but
letter-writing-for pleasure-had been
crowded out of her busy country life,

and when letsure came she was too old to form a new habt.

Mrs. John Bascom went down to St. Louis at the time of the fair, nearly a year after the breaking up. She stayed The night she came back she had a

plain talk with her husband.

"John," she said in answer to his inquiries, "mother is dying of homesickness! She never makes a complain, but she is just as unhappy as she can be—I know the is."

ness! She never makes a complaint, our she is just as unhappy as she can be—I know she is."

"Why, Lizzie." John Bascom raised a chocked face. "You don't mean that Sally isn't good to mother?"

"Sally is just as good to mother as she can be; that is, she is as good to ber as she knows how to be. But, John. Sally has no more understanding of old people's feelings than I have of—French art. It is like this: Sally wants mother to thaye' an easy time; so she takes her out of an active country life, full of carea for other people, and puts her in her own far-away city home, where she has absolutely nothing to do.

"Then she expects her to be happy. And it isn't human nature to be—at least it isn't in old people's nature."

"I wish you could see mother's room, John—Brussels carpet, lace curtains, el-

John-Brussels carpet, lace curtains, el

least it isn't in old people's nature.'
"I wish you could see mother's room,
John-Brussels carpet, lace curtains, elegant rugs and a folding bed. And
mother is horribly afraid of that bedthinks she is going to be folded up in it
some night. She wanted Sally to give
her a bedstead, but Sally said this
matched the set, and was perfectly
safe. So mother goes to bed in fear and
trembling every night.
"Then, of course, it has a mattress;
gets so cold in the night that her bones
just ache, and she lies there and thinks
how good it would feel to have the
feathers come up around her back. Isn't
that pitiful, John? You know, she always slept on feathers. I spoke to
Sally about it, and told her I would get
you to send her feather bed right down.
But Sally was quite stiff about its-said
she didn't think it best for mother to
sleep on feathers—It was not healthy.
"And then the next day she went
down town and bought a down quift for
mother's bed — pald \$25 for it. Wasn't
that more like her? Sally wants mother
to be happy, but she wants her to be
happy in her way."
John Bascom got up excitedly,
"I'll send that feather bed to mother
to-morrow," he said, "and write to Sally
to get her a decent Christian bedstead
to match her set, and I'll pay for it."
"Oh, no, you won't, John. Mother
wouldn't have you do it for the world.
But she misses her things, I know. We
were on the street one day and passed
by a second-hand store. I noticed that
mother had stopped, and I went back
She was standing there looking at the
sheet-iron stove, and the tears were
running down har cheeks. "Oh, Liszle,
she said. "this is just like my old "Svening slar."
John Bascom got perfected that
mother had stopped, and I went back
She was standing there looking at the
sheet-iron stove, and the tears were
running down har cheeks. "Oh, Liszle,
she said. "this is just like my old "Svening slar."
John Bascom steventess were seen she vigorously.

John Bascom blewhis ness vigorously.
"But, John," contined his wife, "It



PRENCH RECEPTION TOILETTE FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

Some of the reception costumes are exrecedingly showy and effective this auumn. The gown illustrated by our cut
and taken from Harper's Baxar is particularly swart. It is embroidered net.

Wile-green eatin partially covered with a
necktie of embroidered net. The skirt
and sleeves of this gown are of brocke
and sleeves of this gown are of brocket
and sleeves of this gown are of brocke and taken from Harper's Bazar is par-ticularly smart. It is embroidered with silver and gold spangles, put around lowenge-shaped bits of blue mirror vel-vet, and Nile-green satin on the short jacket, which opens to show a front of

isn't just the things that mother misse, lish t just the things that mother misses—it is the home feeling. Without meaning to do it, Saily never lets her lose sight of the fact that she is living in her house. Old people like to potter around the house and feel that they are of use. Saily never will let her mother do at thing. She says the servants are there to do the work, and she wants her to rest. And so she rests until she is

do a thing. She says the servants are there to do the work, and she wants her to rest. And so she rests until she is lired to death. She says she just longs sometimes to get hold of a dishpan full of dishes.

"Sally had told me before about mother's putting on a gingham apron and going into the kitchen the first Monday morning to do the dishes, and let the girl go at the washing, and how she had had to tell her plainly that she never let anybody interfere with the servants' work. Think of making her feel that she was interfering, when she wanted to help.

"One day I was sewing in her room. She began cutting the scraps into carpet rags—from sheer force of habit, I could see. Two been doing this all my life,' she said, when I laughed, 'and I forgot. It is second nature, I suppose,

life, 'she said, when I laughed, 'and I forgot. It is second nature, I suppose, and I love to do it. I have a nice lot of white rags that I can't bear to throw away, because they would make somebody such good carpet rags.' Get them out,' I said, ' and sew them for my carpet. They are just what I need, ' "John, you ought to have seen how interested she was. In ten minutes we were in the midst of billows of carpet rags and an animated discussion of dyes, Just then Saily walked in. "Why, mother,' she said, "what in the world are you doing?" "'I'm just making some carpet rags for Lizzle, daughter," mother said, deprecatingly.

"I think I wouldn't do that sort of work, here, she said. "The fuzz gets in the carpet, and Lizzle doesn't really want them, I know."

"You ought to have seen mother's face change-very bit of interest faded out.

hange—every bit of interest fade f lt. I felt so porvoked at Sally, ut the rags away and said, "I wor he rags away and said. "I won't do you think I'd better not, daughter, I hadn't anything else to do.

"And, John, Sally went down the next
day and got a table cover and some
rope silk and flosele, and I don't know

BOTH WAYS.

"Come on old man you're drunk."
"My fran, to rest me would be man'festly unjust. When a feller tak 'flicted with alcohol graze he takesh th' gold cure. I've been 'flicted with Klondlach gold craze an' took th' alcohol gire. It'sh a blamed poor rule that won'

To wear with the gown is a hat fro Marcscot. It is of velvet pliese, trimmed with orange velvet and gold buckle, an algrette, and black plumes.

what all, and gave them to mother, and

what all, and gave them to mother, and told her she thought she would find that much nicer than sewing rags! And so poor mether, whose hands are trained to knitting and darning, and mending, is laboring now with filosele, and yearning for carpet rags!"

And John Bascom's heart was yearning for his mother.

"Lizzie," he said, with a man's helplessness, "what can we do?"

"I've thought it all out, John."

John brigthened. He had great confidence in his wife's resources.

"We'll write and ask mother to come and spend the winter with us. I arranged that before I left. And then, if it is as I think, and mother is happier here than there, we'll just keep hermand Saily can't help herself. In that way it will be pleasantly settled, and nobody will have any feeling."

How easy and natural it seemed.

and Sally can't help herself. In that way it will be pleasantly settled, and nobody will have any feeling."

How easy and natural it seemed.

"Til go down and see her myself."
John said. "I'm going to Jefferson City next week, anyway."

And so it was settled.
A few hours-later, as Mr. Bascom was sinking into slumber, his wife wide awake, asked, "John, who bought mother's old 'Evening Star?"

"Why-y, Mr. Sam Driscoll, I think. I'm not sure. The book will show."

"What book?"

"Why the account book that the sales were put down in."

"Oh, of course! Where is it?"

"In the lower part of the bookcase, with my papers. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Go to sleep."

A week later John Bascom started for St. Louis. He was to be gone for four days. These were busy days for Mrs. Bascom. They had decided to give up the bed room downstairs, and she was "fixing it up." "Old people don't like to sleep upstairs," she had said.

During the week she had made sundry trips in her buggy, and after Mr. Bascom had gone she had started off with the "big wagoh" and the lired man. When she returned one day one would have thought she was going to start a second-hand furniture store.

The afternoon of the fourth day drew to a close. Lizzle was putting the flinshing touches to the room.

"They'll be here in a minute," she



said. "I'll just have time to loop these curtains, and then all will be done," and she looked around approvingly. Well might she approve. It was the fac simile of Mother Bascom's old room.

On the floor was a rag carpet that "father took such an interest in"-bright as when it was made. It had been on Lixie's darkened spare room.

In one corner was the old mahogany bureau, and in the other a wafnut bedstead, with high, soft feather bed and home-made counterpane. Near the stove stood an old, old wash-stand, painted to imitate mahogany, with a grayish, motitled top supposed to represent marble. There was a hole in it for the how!. Over by the window was a small cherry table. A worn copy of the Testament and Psalms lay on it.

It was a chilly afternoon in early November, and a cheerful fire crackled in—was it?—yes, it was really—Mrs. Bascom's old "Evening Stan." Two chairs were in front of the stove—one a low split-bottomed rocker, painted green and the other a big brown wooden one. It was "father's chair."

Lizzie had looped the last curtain and was surveying it critically. "Dotted muslin would have been prettier," said she, "but the bleached cotton was what mother had. And here they come."

They let her rest awhile in the sitting room before taking her to her room. When she entered it her eyes fell on the carpet.

"Why, Lizzie," she said, "ain't this."

when she entered it her eyes fell on the carpet.

"Why, Lizzie," she said, "ain't this my carpet? Why"—she was looking around the room now—"Lizzie, there are my things—that were sold. Where did you get them?" Her voice was tense and almost stern.

"I bought them back, mother. They were all in the neighborhood, and every-body was glad to let me have them when they knew what I wanted them for. I thought you would feel more at home if you had them—don't you like them, mother?" a little anxiously.

Mrs. Bascom had dropped into a chair and covered her eyes with her hand. She looked up now with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Like them?" she said. "Why, child, I've just longed for these things. I didn't know how my heart was bound to them or I never would have let them go. I've tried to make myself feel how childish it was, and I never told a soul how I felt, but, oh, Lizzie, I've been so homesick for my things Lizzie, I've been so homesick for my things!"

She went from one thing to another with the delight of a child.

"How good that bed will feel this winter," she said. "And here's my little stand table, too, and—Lizzie, ain't that my Testament?"

"Yes'm, It was in one of those drawers when the table was sold, and we

"Yes'm, It was in one of those draw-ers when the table was sold, and we never knew it."

"And Sally thought she had burned "And Sally thought she had burned it up. She bought me a nice Oxford Bible, with a lot of maps and Paul's missionary journeys in it, but when people get old they don't seem to care so much about studying the Rible as about reading it. And this has so many passages marked. Here's the text Sister Ann's funeral sermon was preached fromand father's—and my little Henry's. Oh. I'm glad to get this Testament back."

They were sitting around the fire la

ter,
"Mother," said John; "I hope you
haven't forgotten how to knit. I've
been thinking how good a pair of your
warm socks would feel these cold
mornings."

Mrs. Bascom turned eagerly to her daughter, "Is there any yarn in the house, Lizzle?"

house, Lizzie?"
"Maybe I can find some," said Lizzie, mendaciously. She had bought some the day before in anticipation of this. "FII look to-merrow."
"TII have you a pair by the last of the week, son. I've seen the time when I could turn off my sock in a day, but I reckon I'm a little out of practice, now."

"John, you needn't put mother at work

now."

"John, you needn't put mother at work quite so soon. I want her to help me with my blue stripe first."

"Haven't you colored that stripe yet?"

"N'm, I don't know how."

"John," said his mother, briskly, "get me some Prussian blue to-morrow, and we'll go right at it." Filoselle had been hard to manage, but she was on familiar ground now.

Lizzie went about her supper after awhile, and the two were left together.

"So you like it, do you, mother?" said John, seeing her glance rest lovingly on the familiar objects.

Mrs. Bascom had laid a trembling hand in his.

"John," she said, brokenly, "I don't feel like I ever could leave this room."

His hand closed on hers.

"You never shall." he said, "This is your home from now on."

John Bascom went to town the uext day and did not return until nearly night. When he came he went directly to his mother's room. The door was ajar. She was sitting in the twillight, rocking gently. Under the table was a bail of finished carpet rags. She had been reading and the open Testament lay on her lap. A gray sock, well into the leg, had slipped to the floor.

She did not hear him, She was singing softly to the tune of Hebron:

Thus far the Lord hath led me on.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his care prolongs my days
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

It was her old twilight hymn, He closed the door gently and went to

"Yes," she said, when he told her "Yes," she said, when he told her about it. "Mother had one happy day, anyway. I can see that she is glad to get back to the old neighborhood. "Lizzie," said John, suddenly, "how did you happen to have that yarn here?

"How did you happen to want yarn socks?" she retorted. "You don't wear them." You don't knit.

Then they both laughed.
"What do you suppose mother said about you last night?" he asked.
"What did she say?" said Lizzie,cur-

tousty.

tously.

"She said, 'John, you have a good wife, and she's got a heap of feeling.'"

"And what did you say?" she asked, archiy, but with brimming eyes.

"I said, 'She has so,' "he answered, emphatically.

And then John Bascom did what he did not often do except when he came home from the St. Louis fair—he kissed his wife.—Caroline H. Stanley. In the Independent. Independent.

A FEW weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that causialed hims to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisement of Chamberdain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was sailsfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitandy in recommending this excellent Cough Remedy to anyone afflicted with a cough or cold in any form.—The Hanner of Liberty, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by druggists.

TO heal the broken and diseased tissues, to soothe the irritated surfaces, to instantly relieve and to permanently cure is the mission of DeWitt's Witch Hugel Salve. Charles R. Gortie, Market and Twelfth streets; Chathem Shelair, Forty-sixth and Jecob streets; A. E. Beheele, No. 607 Main street; Exley Bros. Fenn and Zane streets; Bowie & Co., Bridgeport.

All pain banished by Dr. Miles' Pain Pills.



Algernon O'Flaherty—Awrevaw,Evangeeline O'Hoolihan, aw revaw. I go ter seek de golden Klondike nugget. Be true, my only own, an' I'll skate fer home an' claim yer as me bride es soon es I can place at yer feet de wealth of Monty Cristy.

A DAUGHTER SAVED.

The Wonderful Recovery of Miss Hattie King.

Stricken to the Bed and Upon the Verge of Insanity-She Finds a Remedy When Hope Had Almost Fled-The Best Phy sicians Failed to do Anything for Her.

From the Ithacan, Ithaca, N. Y. Miss Hattle King, of 94 Humboldt street, Ithaca, N. Y., who was recently so ill that little hope was entertained for her recovery, has entirely regained her health. Her case is one of unusual interest. Following is substantially the language of her stepfather, Charles M. Burnett, corroborated by that of the mother, in speaking to a reporter of the



MISS HATTIE KING.

"Hattie is now 17 years old. A year igo last August she began to complain of dizziness, which became gradually worse. She suffered excessive nausca and attacks of vomiting. There were days when she could keep little or nothdays when she could keep inthe of non-ing on her stomach. She also was trou-bled with kidney disease. Her blood was so thin that the drop or two drawn by the prick of a needle was almost as coloriess as water. She had trouble with her heart and often fainted from the slightest exertion, as upon rising from held of from a chair.

slightest exertion, as upon rising from bed, or from a chair.

"Another bad symptom was a cough, which was so unremitting that it was the general opinion of our friends that she was consumptive. She lost flesh rapidly. Sometimes she would be con-fined to the ben for two or three weeks then be around again, but only to suffer a relable.

relapse.
"She was not only a physical wreck "She was not only a physical wreck, but her mind was affected, and at times she had no realization of what she was doing. We feared, in fact, a complete mental overthrow and consequent removal to an asylum, for although we had two of the best physicians in the city, and had tried several proprietary medicines, none benefited her.

"We had read considerable about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and had also heard of some cases where they had done good and we decided to give them a trial. We purchased some at the drug store of White & Burdick, of this city.

at the drug store of White & Burdick, of this city.

"Hattie began to take the pills in the early part of January of this year. Improvement was noticeable after the first box had been taken. The first hopeful sign I noticed was that she did not complain of headache. The attacks of dizziness also began to abate in frequency, and she ceased to cough. One after another, the distressing symptoms left her. She tock, in all, nine boxes of the pills. At the present time she is in perfect health. The alteration in her mind and body is almost past belief.
"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Willims' Pink Pills, they have saved the life of our daughter. We have recommended the pills to a number of friends, and if there is any one else who would like the benefit of our experience with this remedy, we will gladly answer any inquiries."

inquiries."
State of New York,
Tompikins County, as.
Charles M. Burnett being duly sworn
says he is the step father of Hattle King,
and resides at No. 94 Humboldt street,
in the city of ithaca, and that the foregoing is a true report of his statement.
CHARLES M. BURNETT.
Subscribed and sworn to before me
May 8, 1897.

Subscribed and aworn to before me May 8, 1897.

C. R. WOLCOTT. Notary Public,
In and for Tompkins County, N. Y.
Dr. Willims' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

HE KNEW BEANS, ANY WAY. HE KNEW BEANS, ANY WAY.
Richmond Times: At Centerville, Ky,
the other day, Captain J. R. Hindman,
nomines of the sound money Democracy
of that state for the position of clerk of
the court of appeals, got into an argument with a silver man, who claimed
that good prices did not prevail.
"Why, don't you admit that wheat is
high?" he was asked.
"Yes," he answered.
"And are not cattle high?"
"Yes,"
"And is not tobacco high?"
"Yes,"
"And ts not corn high?"
"Yes," was his reply.

"Yes," was his reply.
"Are not sheep high?"

'Are not hoge high?"

"Yes," drawled the silver man, "but green beans is seiling awful low; s farmer sold me a peck for a dime to-

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

Buchlen's Arnica Salve.

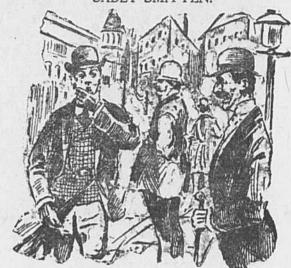
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chibhatos, carns and all skin erupions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Logan Drug Co.



ON THE BAY.

"Say, Chilly, don't you wisht all dis water wuz rum?"
"Naw."
"Cause why?"
"Cause it 'ud be bay rum."

SADLY SMITTEN.



Harry-Why have you stopped visiting Miss Silversides? I thought you hat

been badly struck by her beauty. Adolphus-No, I was struck by her father.

CHOLLY COMMENTS ON NATURE.



2-Haw gwaceful ft jumps,



3-Thundah!!!